THE NEW UNITARIAN

AUGUST, 1906

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TO Bowdoin College belongs the distinction of having conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon a man perhaps more universally esteemed and better loved and more vitally influential for the very best things amongst Unitarian ministers than any other now in actual service. Charles F. Dole ought long ago to have been thus recognized. His power is not that simply of a popular pulpit orator or successful expositor of our faith, but rather that of a fine and deep interpreter of the essential prophetship of our liberal gospel in a spirit of rare optimism identified with a passion for staunch and uncompromising ethical motive. Mr. Dole is not much of a denominationalist and sometimes grieves some folks of strong opinion by incidental positions taken. But nobody doubts that the sweetness and light of his dominant preaching has been of singularly constructive and even recuperative value in the development of our denominational life.

Two other Unitarian ministers also received the Doctor's degree this year: Rev. Augustus M. Lord of Providence, R. I., from Brown University, and Rev. David Utter of Denver, Col., from Harvard. The accumulation of academic degrees is certainly not rapid amongst our ministers. A scanning of our Yearbook lists bring many surprises. For instance, what other denomination in the land includes in its ranks of clergymen without the degree of D. D. such men as Samuel R. Calthrop, T. R. Slicer, Wm. C. Gannett, J. T. Sunderland, E. A. Horton and Geo. Batchelor, or to speak of younger men, William W. Fenn, Merle St. C. Wright, Chas. E. St. John, and the President of Meadville Theological School, F. C. Southworth? These men are not simply "successful" in the popular sense; they have the exceptional intellectual equipment, and the gift of efficient leadership which precisely meet the best ideal for which the degree of Doctor of Divinity has come to stand.

Of course, the trouble is, these honors go, not by any system of denominational selection, but by the favor of separate universities and colleges, generally controlled by denominational interests.

The Unitarian denomination "controls" no universities or colleges. Harvard University insists always on its undenominational standing, and in the matter of degrees certainly shows no bias to-us-ward. It's distribution of "D. D's" to our ministers is not only sparce, but strikingly erratic,—one had almost said whimsical.

The Presbyterian Church has permitted a committee of the General Assembly to prepare a Liturgy or Prayer Book for use in public worship when desired. We congratulate our brethren on the manner and substance of their achievement. Nobody suspects that the majority of Presbyterian churches will have much use for the new Prayer Book. The tradition of that doughty fellowship of Puritan antecedents is anti-ritualistic and no violent departure from ancient habits is likely to occur. But the spirit of liberty wisely recognizes the right of those who prefer an enriched service to use it, with full approval of the national body; the spirit of progress cannot deny that the barren and austère plainness of the old order ill fits the modern impulse of religion; and certainly in actual accomplishment the new service book is dignified, beautiful and essentially worshipful, with perhaps a more modern tone than might have been expected.

We are not amongst those who insist that our churches of Puritan origin can wisely abandon their method of "free worship" for the use of a fixed and established ritual. At the same time two facts must be noted: first, that the "ritual service" is usually more congregational than the so-called "free" service, which is generally free only from the minister's point of view, and has little place for the people's participation; and second, that the liturgical service of prayer generally stands for simplicity against complexity and artificialness of utterance. The great glory of the English Prayer Book for instance, is that it saves the congregation from minister's rhetoric; its language is always nobly simple, direct, chaste and adequate. We cannot all of us agree with what particular prayers express in theology or aspiration; but we recognize that what they mean to express is expressed simply, nobly, and adequately every time. Our churches of Puritan descent can never take the English Prayer Book in its present form for their own instrument of worship, nor can they ever surrender the principle of final liberty of congregation and minister in the direction of worship. But surely, when one urges for simplicity, directness, and congregational sharing in the offices of public worship—the weight of the argument is never in favor of the so-called voluntary method.

We congratulate the First Church in Boston on the termination of its quest for a minister. Rev. Charles E. Park is well known to the readers of the New Unitarian for several characteristic articles. He is a young man of rare gifts and vigorous spirit, standing for the right things in the progressive advance of our liberal gospel. The First Church in Boston has a long and noble history behind it; we confess we are more interested in its possibility for a noble history yet to be made. The challenge which it offers to a young man is no slight one; it is beset with problems not precisely like those which faced that Puritan company whose

dauntless courage was the reason for there being any First Church in Boston at all. Perhaps the difference between the problems of 1630 and 1906 is the most baffling and discouraging factor of the present situation. But we believe that Mr. Park is a man of the spirit and endowment to meet this present problem with zest and staunch originality of service.

We heard at Nantucket Rev. Chas. E. St. John's notable lecture on "The Planting of Our Free Churches" which has been delivered many times, and in almost every section of the country. It is a noble address and one that must have telling significance in the development of our denominational life. It carries the all-important message of the American Unitarian Association far and wide amongst people who have only poorly grasped as yet, the import of our missionary opportunity, and carries it with a vigor of down-right sincerity and kindling eagerness of compelling optimism, which have too rarely been dominant in our missionary work. If every church in the denomination could receive a visit from Secretary St. John and hear this lecture, more might be done than is done in any other way to win friends for the Association, increase a general confidence in its undertakings and strengthen its sinews of achievement through practical augumentation of its resources—and chief of all help mightily to make us have more faith in ourselves and our mission.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

From one point of view the enormous growth of Christian Science of late is the most discouraging factor associated with modern religion. Our temperamental set for optimism, however, forbids much dalliance in the region of view-points presenting only dismal offlooks. Another point of view, to us more congenial, reveals considerable encouragement in this rapid accretion of a new sect. Surely whatever tends to the increase of cheerfulness and good will amongst the sons of men—whatever throws emphasis upon the supremacy of the ideal over the material and the spiritual over the physical, however crudely—in fact whatever holds the attention of vast numbers of people to vital aspects of the religious life, must have some value in the world's progress.

From a strictly denominational point of view, of course, we have little to worry about. Comparatively few of our own adherents are attracted to this new cult; and such as are, rarely leave their essential Unitarianism behind them when they change camps. On the other hand Christian Science is an undoubted factor of disintegration in the strongholds of established orthodoxy. It has the fatal yeast of heresy within its seeming calm of evangelical mysticism. The dogmas against which Unitarians most protest in the older churches, melt entirely away before this fashionable maze of "new thought." Nobody who really believes in total depravity, or eternal hell, or a cruel scheme of salvation, or vicarious atonement, or a disfiguring idea of the Trinity, can have any part in Christian Science. Whatever else it is, it is not "Christian" in the poorer, mediæval sense of the word. It has introduced a great many people whom theological controversy would never reach to a habit of thought which is deadly to the mere tradition of orthodoxy; it has about it a convenient haze

of mysticism which conceals the sure approaches to far reaching heterodoxy. For all of this, of course, the zealous advocate of the liberal theology has little fault to find.

Of course there are really two things involved in Christian Science, only one of which really pertains to the realm of religious enquiry. Christian Science is a method of therapeutics, and a scheme of theological doctrine. We suspect that to the great majorities of people —even of its own votaries, the second function is rather incidental, and too often holds rather shadowy connection with the former; though of course to the "true believer" the religious principle is by all means the dominating fact of which the therapeutic factor is only derivative.

With the therapeutics of the matter we have of course no concern. Let the doctors follow out that controversy, and admit, as most do, that Christian Science has "something in it," if only rationally interpreted. From its theological side one must admit that there is little of startling novelty in Mrs. Eddy's fundamental philosophy, the chief originality lying in the rather audacious crudity of her working out by rather superficial logic the time-honored principles of pure idealism. The thoughtful Unitarian certainly finds nothing very strange here; the underlying ideals are those upon which all liberal religion is built, the essential gospel of optimism and idealism—of the eternal reasonableness of God, which was the heart centre of the teaching of Jesus, but which has become obscured by the later dogmas of the mediæval church. The dialectic of Christian Science arouses little antagonism amongst Unitarians; it is all good in its basic ideas; we are only somewhat amused at the grotesque conclusions to which perfectly sane premises may lead when fantastically toyed with by unskillful hands. Separated from its practical propaganda of the healing of diseases, however, Christian Science has little mischief in it from our point of view; it has much noble incentive rather, appealing vitally to many refined and progressive souls. If there is some "delusion" about it, (and we think there is,) it must inevitably do some of the evil which delusion always involves; and any delusion which effects material conditions, as those of health, must have its painful consequences. We fear little for the outcome in an age rational in tendency. We rejoice at any rate that the "delusion" has so many amiable aspects, and conspires directly toward a contagion of cheerfulness; and heartily we rejoice for that final substance of spiritual truth in high idealism which our Christian Science friends share with us; and with the triumph of which must come the crowning glory of our 20th century religion.

At the Isles of Shoals.

I stand to hear old Ocean roar
In mighty monotone of glee,
As tho' the joy of Eternity
Laughed in its lashing, evermore:
Laughed in its kissing of every shore;
Laughed in the passion of every sea;
The deep, strong joy of What Shall Be
When the foolishness of man is o'er.

* * * Would that my foolishness might cease!
These restless doubts, this wayward dream,
Wasting the soul with fruitless strain;
That I might look to the Sea again,
And, as of old, its music seem
The laughter of my joy—and peace!

"Discouragement is but disenchanted egotism.—*Mazzini.*

From Methodist to Unitarian Church

BY REV. VICTOR J. GILPIN

I REACHED Meadville on a drizzly November night in 1904. A student from the college made his way through the crowd on the station platform to greet me, and—the drama was over.

It began ten years before, during the first term of my college course. I had gone down to Victoria University to study theology after putting in two years at circuit work. Having been brought up in a Methodist parsonage library, I was well acquainted with Fletcher, Cooke, Wesley, Pope and the other standards and rather thought that a university life was simply a luxury. But I was not long in college, before I felt that there was something in the universe that Pope's Compendium of Theology said nothing about. Random remarks caught my ear. I remember one that was made by a senior at supper-table, to the effect that Huxley wasn't the fool that the preacher made out he was. Many a time had I regaled my parishioners at tea-meetings and other places about this novel idea of having had monkeys for our ancestors. In fact I can still feel the residuum of laughter tickling under my sixth rib stored away by those hilarious occasions.

Drummond's Natural Law which I had read sent me to the library shelves for more of his stuff, and I took down the "Ascent of Man" bound in a pleasant cloth. The evening shadows of a late day in October had closed round me when I wakened myself from a three hours' dream through that poem of evolution, by a sudden nervous clap of the cover boards.

After that it was hard work to get down to Contra Cononem and the binomial. I was intoxicated. I had discovered a new path in the universe, my biology lectures were now entering upon cellular structure and comparative anatomy. Into these studies I plunged with enthusiasm and before the end of the year I was some sort of an evolutionist, and had begun the work of reconciling Genesis and science. In my second year, a course in geology established me in my new thought, and I got the creation story snugly fitted into six geological periods. During the following years I read widely in science.

But my bible-study strangely perplexed me. I had no thought, as yet, that evolution was so significant as to the primary doctrines of the church. But, in a lecture one day on Thessalonians, our Professor remarked that Paul evidently was mistaken as to the time of the coming of Christ. I was thunder struck and stared rigidly at the speaker while my pencil dropped from my stiffened fingers. It was true then, after all the denunciation of the preachers. Higher criticism wasn't the false shallow thing that it was made out to be.

I can hear yet after many years the echo of that slamming book in the vacant library and that cedar pencil clattering to the floor.

The interest that I took in Old Testament and New Testament theology after that startling experience in the lecture room stimulated me to a study of the philosophy of religion. I consequently left University with a changed theology. I understood now why Paul's word about woman suffrage was not mature, and why the Jahwe of the 109th Psalm was not my God.

The really interesting time came, when I began to preach a vital religion to my congregation. In my new cause-and-effect universe, I could find no place for the atonement nor the everlasting punishment, as I once held them. I wandered here and there searching for some constructive message, for I resolutely preached that there must be some natural connection between what a man did and what he experienced.

Thinking that the people were entitled to know what was going on in the theo-

logical world, I delivered a number of addresses on the Bible as literature explaining the stories of Genesis, the structure of Job, and the significance of Jonah. I undertook to re-interpret conversion, sin, and holiness but my congregation was slow to follow. They began to be afraid of my new ideas and eventually many of them became estranged and actually questioned my religion. Special prayer was offered for me at a prayer meeting and I began to feel my peculiar position. One steward got up in a meeting and wanted to know whether I was sent there by Conference to preach King James' Bible or one of my own get up. An old lady refused to let me into her house when I called and a young man who was dying left word that I was to have no part in his funeral service.

All of this saddened me and led me to feel that I was unwise in saying anything out of the way. Not being able to preach the old theology, I endeavored to put my new thought in a less striking way; but it was futile and the upshot of it was my being closely examined at District Meeting as to my theological beliefs and subsequently being stationed at the most distant mission of the Conference. But this proved a Godsend. I subscribed for a number of magazines and books and read day and night. Up to this time I held the deity of Jesus as a sacred truth. Although not accepting the doctrine of atonement in the exact words of the discipline, yet I regarded Jesus as a divine person, delegated for the salvation of men.

The *Outlook* came to my place at the time, and I read Lyman Abbott's articles on evolution but was impressed with the weakness of the article that dealt with Jesus. I think that here occurred my first doubt regarding his deity. In the *Outlook* was an advertisement from Massachusetts stating that Unitarian literature would be sent free to any applicant. I had gone to the Unitarian Church when I was in Toronto but came away from the service declaring to my friend "what sacrilege it is to dare to read Kingsley on a plane with the word of God." But in the hour of my *de profundis* I reached out to this same church that had repulsed me only three years before. I sent my name to this Massachusetts Alliance and a series of A. U. A. tracts came to me through the postoffice. None of them dealt with the question of the deity of Jesus however and, happening upon Mathewson's "Resurrection of Christ." I was bolstered up in my old faith for over a year. Some literature on the subject came at last and I was shut up in close quarters with serious work on hand. That year Encyclopedia Biblica came and I kept raveling away. Light began to come into that new natural sphere of character religion. But the more I grew in knowledge the less was my preaching acceptable to my congregation. It was irksome to me to preach my universal religion in an ambiguous manner, or dilute it with the old. Finally I became convinced of the untenability of orthodox teaching and set to work to reconstruct matters. This was a diffcult matter for me. I consulted with a Presbyterian minister who had developed as I had and he said that nothing could be done. Another minister told me to preach the things that were common to the old and to the new. But about that time I came across Beecher's advice to young minister's not to preach any half gospel but to swing the whole sword. Also I was impressed with the effective sermons that Unitarian ministers were preaching and one evening I lifted up a bunch of A. U. A. sermons and said to my Presbyterian friend: "There is gospel enough there to save the world."

I started out with fresh courage to preach the new truth I had found. But I found very soon that there were around me institutions venerable with age and charged with a gospel that forbid all others. I saw that it was impossible to use these instruments for a different warfare. Old methods and old ideas were wedded together.

Some of my ministerial friends said it was a crime to create an unrest

amongst the people by talking about minor things such as the origin of the Bible. But I felt that there were no minor things and that no truth was a negligible quantity.

I spent an afternoon with a Sunday School Superintendent whom I tried to bring to see that religion was life. We talked freely about the Old Testament and other problems and I thought by the way he followed me that a good afternoon's work had been done. But just before we parted he said "well there are many things we cannot understand but I suppose that if we attend to the great thing, the salvation of the soul, that God will not shut us out of heaven." I was sadly taken back and through this and other like experiences I saw that there was little hope of accomplishing my work inside the church. New wine could not be put into old bottles. I changed a prayer meeting to a young people's society and tried to get an interest created in the religion of every day life but it was a failure. The teacher's meeting too would not stir from its old way. I was reminded by a friend that the pulpit was the place to read God's word and not Browning. A family left the church because I read from the Twentieth Century New Testament. The class meetings began to dwindle and the communion service to thin out, for the minister did not supply food for that spiritual life that kept these institutions alive. A bible-class teacher refused to allow me any more to teach his class and a steward arose after a sermon of mine on the value of recreation and loudly stated that what they wanted was the gospel and not sporting news. In a class meeting an old lady declared with sobs that I had taken away her Bible and she knew not what to do. There was a limit to this and it became unbearable for me to continue along this way when so many were being thrown out of their course especially when I did not seem to be doing any good.

On moving to a new circuit I resolved that I would try a different way and work along other lines. I would make no reference to biblical questions nor to any discoveries of science. I would preach the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, so after spending a number of weeks getting acquainted I endeavored to infuse life into my prayer meeting by taking up some subjects of vital interest, and preached a series of sermons on Religion and Life. Immediately the symptoms of unrest I knew so well began to appear. The people did not understand me. I was reminded that the old religion was good enough.

I was now fully convinced of the truth of Unitarian theology but was doubtful about the Unitarian Church. An article in our church paper gave a very gloomy picture of Unitarianism in England and a friend of mine who had visited New England for a summer declared it was a cold intellectual affair and my misgivings were increased.

But I was very much impressed with the fact that each community was given the opportunity of expressing its own religious life and I felt that if any church failed under those conditions, it was the fault of that church and not of any New England Unitarianism.

About that time there came to me through the mail a large card with the Unitarian Faith printed upon it and I exclaimed in my enthusiasm "there is the creed I have been looking for" and I tacked it up on the wall.

On a visit to Toronto I called on Rev. Mr. Sunderland who received me cordially and he went over the different points with me, but when I left him I shuddered at the thought of leaving Methodism. For nearly a fortnight I succumbed to the temptation of living a quiet literary and social life in the Methodist Church preaching in a mild and unoffensive way the simple truths that everybody believed. But, a deep, hungering nature, which I inherited from father, refused to be fed on this thin diet and from this time on I never faltered. I was attracted by the quality of the Unitarian life as presented in her

classic churches and quiet but thorough-going interest in modern problems. The unfettered freedom that belonged to the Unitarian minister was the thing I envied though more than anything else and I resolved to have it. I asked Mr. Sunderland to arrange so that I could meet Mr. Badger and a fortnight later we did at a railway junction near by. Mr. Badger went over the history of Unitarianism somewhat and I was impressed with the dignity and strength of the Unitarian gospel as he expounded it. His kindly interest and deep sympathy with a person in my position quite won me. He left for London, Ontario, to survey the field there and I to ride back triumphantly by the moonlight to my home.

Nothing turned up in London however to justify the A. U. A. in spending money there but so strong was my faith that this denial did not stop me. A little further correspondence on the matter ensued and I, one day in the latter part of October started to pack up. The tragedy of those last few days will never be forgotten. Letters from home and entreaties from friends combined with the deep sorrow of our own hearts to turn the day into night. People with wondering faces came to call and asked us what was the matter Were they not paying enough salary or did we not like the place? A letter came from a distant minister declaring I must not leave as it would not be long before the Methodist Church would be quite liberal. But amidst packing boxes and general disorder I sat down, wrote out my resignation to the chairman, finally informed my Board and in the early soundless morning left the Methodist parsonage of Sheffield and with it the Methodist Church. In that hour of dramatic silence, riding down the country road, with fields of mist shelving away to the south, I threw off the impossible load of traditional theology forever. I travelled all day and reached Meadville that night at eight.

Do We See Nature?

THIS is the time of year when it is the good custom of people everywhere to take their little trips or plan their longer sojourns away from home to visit where they think the face of Nature is most beautiful and pleasing. They go among the mountains or to the banks of some beautiful lake, or amid the wooded islands of some picturesque stream, or wait in the ennobling presence of the infinite sea. For nearly every body is in love with Nature now-a-days. The passion of Nature-admiration is well nigh universal.

And yet, hard as it is to realize it, the love of Nature is a comparatively modern sentiment. The ancients and mediaevals knew scarcely anything of it. In the days when the most exquisite statues were chiselled, and when almost the loftiest poems were written, yes, even in the days when the most artistic pictures were painted and the grandest masterpieces of architecture raised their sublime heights of entrenched beauty throughout Europe, the realization that Nature had a beauty too of her own was wholly unattained. The most gifted geniuses and greatest minds caught no message then of beauty; the sublime, the grand, the graceful, spoke no word to them out of mountains, or rushing streams, or lashing ocean, or extending plains:—though it spoke so plainly from the handiwork of man.

No, Nature was then as now brim full of her grand messages of beauty; she was running over with her gospels and prophecies of sublimity and grace, and earnest loveliness; but only when men learned to listen in her direction, and had the attention of their souls

turned that way;—only when they lifted up their eyes to look her reverently in the face and say, "Speak O Nature for thy servants hear", could she speak to tell them that she was beautiful, worthy of their love and reverence. And so only in modern times the bold headlands and barren sand plains along the coast which were once but dangerous points for sailors to avoid have become famous resorts to which our people flock in thousands; and mountains which were only barriers to trade and commerce, make themselves shrines to which great multitudes pay their annual pilgrimages. Our ancestors had these things, but knew them not; and all the intenser is our love and admiration for them because so late developed.

The trouble about it is, we only gain a fragment of the message yet. We are only half listening. We vaunt ourselves on our more refined appreciativeness of the beauty of Nature and yet we only repeat the childishness of Samuel in the old story. We hear the voice and then run back to our Elis, our lower, narrower conceptions of the world and its enjoyments, and seek the whole of the interpretation there. In a measure we have learned to listen so as to hear the message of Beauty which Nature has to speak; but don't we most of us miss a higher voice which is there too,—how it speaks a message not simply of more developed grandeur and sublimity of beauty, but how, too, it may have a gospel of exalting truth which may be converted into terms of loftier character and life? Have many of us trained our ears to hear the holier voices of what is beautiful about us; to catch glimpses of the face of God shining through it,—the things that accord with true and manly life and discord with mean and dishonorable life? have many of us learned to live better lives because we see nobler nature, have many of us learned to feel purer instincts of heroism, because God towers before us in the grandeur of the mountain, or has waited before us in the abiding patience of the infinite ocean? I think it is there, this sure, firm, unmistakable voice of divineness in Nature, this thing which suggests loftiness and elevation of soul, which manifests God. It is there though so few of us see it; just as the beauty is there which we all recognize to-day, though the ancients were so unconscious of it. It is there calling to us, the voice of heaven not earth; the voice of God not of Eli; but we miss it because we are not listening.

I remember a friend of mine who made a good deal of fuss when the German Opera first came to Boston, of going to hear one of Wagner's grand masterpieces. She adjusted all her social engagements for a month ahead that they should not interfere with this event; she had a messenger boy out overnight at the sale of the tickets in order to secure a good seat, and paid a high price for it when it was obtained; she got herself with a good deal of trouble at the opera-house half an hour before the curtain rose, so anxious she was not to miss a note of it; she equipped herself with great array of libretto, opera glasses, and orchestra score:—and came away after the performance was over, highly pleased with the gorgeous scenery of the second act, quite in raptures over the smoothness and finish of Alvari's phenomenal tenor, and not a little enthusiastic over the beauty of one of the minor singers. She seemed to have not the faintest consciousness in the world of the almost religious impressiveness of the motive of the great artist's masterpiece; its wonderful interpretation of strong, earnest, human passion. The grand art of musical poetry, profound in its reaches of emotion and aspiration, were entirely lost on her. They were there, but she was not listening for them. She had no ear for their message. She was admiring painted canvas, and vocal execution, and pretty faces; a greater voice spoke in her presence and she knew nothing of it.

I take it some of us who make such a fuss over our love of Nature,—who worship at her shrine so piously, who give of our money and of our time, often at so much of personal sacrifice,

every year, that we may see some new phase of ocean or mountain, or forest or river loveliness, I fancy some of us are a good deal like this poor young woman at the opera; we don't really get our money's worth, we don't get paid for all our fuss, because we do not listen, we do not look for the best and grandest and truest of what we have paid to see and hear. Its higher voice is there, a divine message, a holy inspiration of life. It is there; we might hear it; we do hear at any rate the calling of its voice, but we turn so soon away, back to our superficial, worldly Elis; they have nothing new to tell us.

And so in other things in life; in the profound things, and sublime things which come in contact with our experiences elsewhere; the high voices of literature, the revelations of Science, the divine memories of childhood, the holy of holies of the home, in all these relations of life the voices are there which are the voices of God; but they are there to us only if we have learned the secret of listening for them, as for the voice of God.

I do not mean to make any intangible mysticism of this, I am not referring to any occult presence of God in Nature or life. I only want to call every voice that summons us to worthier living, everything in life that has uplifting power, that suggests nobler and truer ways of being manly and womanly, everything in life that may open a way out of a narrower and meaner mode of character into a larger and more exalted one, a voice of God. I think that is the truth of it; and life about us fairly rings with such voices. They speak from every corner, they mingle with the experiences of every day. They are voices of God summoning us to new destinies, and it is our fault if we mistake them for voices of Eli only calling us to old duties and visions of life. Perhaps after all those old prophets of Israel who could say so confidently "Thus saith the Lord"; who could stand on the mountain tops of prophecy and so grandly speak the oracles of divine truth as though they looked into heaven, and saw with the eyes of angels, perhaps after all they only differed from other men in knowing better how to recognize the voice of God when he spoke; and made not the mistake of calling high things low things, or confusing Elis with the Almighty presence.

However that may be we may be sure of this, that there are enough "thus saith the Lord's" lavished about us every day, were we only ready to discern them; there are enough visions of heaven, enough prophecies of divine life, right in sight of all of us, to make us all Samuels and Elijahs if only we could learn the secret of listening and looking for them and catching their eternal message.

"Not only around our infancy", sings our American poet in answer to the immortal words of the great English singer, Wordsworth,

"Not only about our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie,
Daily with souls that cringe and plot
We Sinais climb and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
It's arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite,
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea."

Leaflet on Liberal Religion Abroad.

The Leaflet on the Liberal Religious Movements and Leaders in Foreign Countries, issued by the Study Class Committee of the National Alliance has just come to our hands. It offers an excellent opportunity to Study Classes and other denominational clubs to become better acquainted with the growth of liberalism abroad, and at the same time will serve to strengthen the knowledge of the beginnings of Unitarianism everywhere. Rev. C. W. Wendte has devoted much time and consideration to this topic, and to him is due the credit of this excellent program.

Prophet or Priest?

BY REV. SAMUEL RAYMOND MAXWELL

A Paper Read at the Graduating Exercises of the Meadville Theological School, June 11, 1906

WHICH? The priest claims priority. From the pre-historic clan-head through Babylonians standing upon their staged towers and sacrificing in atonement for the people's sins, through the centuries of the litanies of Egyptian celebrants, through arrogantly infallible Etruscan men, through ministers before the shrines of Greece, — (white-robed, bare-footed, laurel-crowned if servants of Apollo, or weaving garlands of olive leaves for calm Minerva,) through the Roman family head, (who dedicates the slave to the lares of the house,)—and so on, down in one unbroken line, the priest to-day can show his descent and prove the antiquity of his great office. And now, some say, his task is done. In this age of equality all men are ministers of God and are to be so reverenced. As an ideal this is true. Our congregational polity is built upon it. But in practice the priest is still required. If this be the democratic century, it is also the time of specialization. Just as the world demands thorough training in secular pursuits, it demands that a class be set aside for the conduct of its spiritual affairs, a class to which men are admitted by an ordination ceremony after much study,—as lawyers are inducted into practice at the bar,—a class, too, which is to lead a peculiar life, being consecrate to the special service of God. But is not this the survival of the primitive necessity for some one to speak in a higher name than that of man, making articulate and effective that sentiment of worship which is timidly unexpressive in the mass? The priest has been always such an organizer of religion, teaching men to say together:—"Our Father, Hallowed be Thy name!" But now he is more than this —he is a triend who conducts us into the very presence of deity, standing as he does, firmly grounded on an idealism centered in the thought of God. It is he who fitly opens our worship, leading us in the confession of our frailties, voicing our supplications in the litany of a loving reliance upon deity. It is he who makes the meditations of conscience vivid, who helps us to cast aside our vulgar self-centredness, to surrender our ambitions in the prayer "Thy will be done," and to offer before the Father the spiritual sacrifice of the heart. He speaks for us in the revered, familiar way and teaches us to echo "Hear us, Good Lord!" His is the regular, trustworthy approach to deity which in æsthetic antiphonic rhythm, harmonizes the senses until the final "Peace" soothes our contrition. He is our God-inspired comforter. Worship, at the start, needs such a proper mood of contemplative rapture and practical devotion. It is by such mystical devices that our souls become sensitive to the God around us. As we are thus diverted from the work-a-day world, the Lord draws nearer to our attentive consciousness. There soon will be recession, but not before the soul has been made tender, awakened once again to its super-rational destiny, and has had a true communion with its God. The Protestant minister by his prayers achieves this union for his people as truly as does the Catholic when he elevates the Host and brings Christ to the altar. Both are priests, no longer of terror, but of love. Both, by the sweet, long-travelled road, bring men into the forecourt of their heaven. Both serve to counteract the deadening worldliness of daily struggle by keeping uppermost the sense of God. Both prepare men for the coming of the prophet by concentrating human personality

upon the thought of its own divinity. Is such a mediator now to be discarded?

The prophet, too, can trace his line back to those who listened to the rustling oaks at Dodona, to the delirious warnings of a Tiresiar, to the Roman augurs with their doves, to the great Buddha with his noble moral code, and to those exalted men of Israel who stood up in righteous protest against the vices of their time—the shepherd Amos, the statesman Isaiah, the exiled Ezekial, and the mourning Jeremiah. These later men are his truest predecessors. They stood as he stands now for an idealism centered in time and man. These have been the independents, who have known men as they might have been—who have revealed to humanity that it is infinite in capacity, the master of events, who have emancipated its individuality and have fired it to act from such a momentary conviction of its Godliness. It is these inspired radicals, non-authentic, direct, who have energized mankind's conscience into aggressive activity, who seizing the critical moment have cried "Do" to the human race, and it has responded with a great deed. The prophet is filled with a vision of the end of man here as a divine agent. He predicts no vague future, but the trend of actual events. He closes his lesson with an authoritative "Thus saith the Lord." He makes a social revelation of his great moral convictions, waking towns and cities by his determined will, from their lethargy to the tangible duty before them. He is concrete and immediate, a leader in progress everywhere—in factories, in arts, in government, in hygiene, in ideals, in heavenliness. With such an enthusiasm he rouses the dullards, quickens them to week-day righteousness, helps them to conquer nature and to enter on the higher evolution leading to rational destiny. He is the true reformer. He has to-day the half-fanatic fervor of the Hebrew prophet. He is the democratic brother of humanity, who shares its common interests and its sympathies, but transcends them all. He is the Christ-like innovator. Channing and Theodore Parker were such souls. Said Channing at the ordination of Dwight, "My brother, help men to see". That is the prophet's cry "Behold the possibilities within you and around. Oh friends become all that you may be!" Surely, if the church is again to dominate society—dominate it by no other force than righteousness,—it shall be by virtue of her fellowship of prophets, her wholly honest, sane-minded, optimistic, active men, and by the absolute reality of their every pulpit utterance. The graceful essay, the non-committal reverie, the denunciations of the defenceless past shall cease. Her preachers shall be fearless before the men they would make bold. They shall do the things they teach. The church shall put her shoulder to the more prosaic task of life and help uplift men from underneath. No longer shall she be a lonely watcher from above. She shall climb with common men on their march to God. Is such a prophetism now worthless?

The priest, then, has prayed. The people have been calmed into a holy receptivity. The prophet has made his ethical appeal. The people have been roused to a new determination. The priest returns and offers thanks to God for such awakening. The people close their worship with a solemn, joyful consecration to what is divine. The service of the church is closed. Once more humanity is saved. Once more humanity is re-born into higher being. One spiral is complete in the coursing upward path of man to deity. "Love to God," the priest had chanted. "Love to Man," the prophet cried for God. So were the "worship of God" and "the service of man" blended in the last thanksgiving. Can either man be spared—the mystic priest or the prophet of the practical? Must not one each be the priest, a man apart, meditative, a holy worshipper who shall bring God's comfortings to men? Must not we each be the prophet, who from his summit of vision discovers the way and then

descends to help his brothers mount thereon, a man who lives with men, for men? Such a priestly-prophet order is a free profession, not a caste of human origin, but an election which every man called by God must feel. It is not a place for haughtiness but one for deep humility. In the face of the opportunities my office brings to me, I feel my awful feebleness and pray for strength. If I fulfill the inner vows I make to God I know I shall be true priest and true prophet, and, being both, be the true pastor, an apostle of our High Priest and noblest Prophet, Jesus Christ. I know the church can prosper with no service less complete. God grant to you and to me that through our manhood and our divinity His church may be made supreme.

The Fairest Flowers.

BY REV. JAMES T. BIXBY.

The jaunty pansy charmeth us
With her coquettish face;
And in your silken stems, O pinks,
What elegance and grace!
Yet lovelier to my mind than these
Are the woodland flowers friendly hands have plucked
A friendly eye to please,

Ah, stately is the lily's cup
And sweet its perfume rare;
And thou, O blushing floral queen,
Red rose, thou art most fair;
And yet, in winsome charm all these above
I count the wild-wood blooms that breathe
Our love to those we love.

I've seen that royal color feast
Thou spread'st, geranium gay;
Your sumptuous robes, ye garden lords,
I know that proud array;
But the flowers that touch our hearts are these
The wilding growths some friend's hands pluck
A loved one's eye to please.

Yes, modest violet, thee we love,
And thee, O columbine,
Spring beauty, bluebell, laurel, fern,
And every clambering vine.
Ay, the flowers in grace all flowers above
Are the wild-wood blooms our dear ones pluck
With thought of those they love.

—*From the Christian Register.*

A Meeting House.

BY REV. FRANK FAY EDDY

A meeting-house,—that is what a church building is often called in New England. I like the word. A church should be a place of meeting in more than the physical sense. A church should be a place where men are so enfolded in the eternal and immeasurable verities that petty distinctions and unimportant misunderstandings might be forgotten. Unfortunately it is not always so. We divide on dogma and method. Even Unitarians are often so zealous in distinguishing themselves from the orthodox that they achieve a lonesome dignity in heterodoxy and little else. Oh yes, I plead guilty. But there is another side to the question, particularly for Unitarians.

Why have churches anyhow? Shall we say for the public good? If so let us return to the old principle of the union of church and state and support them by taxation. Is it to keep well-oiled and in running order an institution to secure advantages to believers in another world? Some think so, but we do not. Is it to embellish ancient absurdities until the æsthetic and poetic faculties of man is fostered and satisfied? This is done by churches but it is scarcely an excuse for their existence. Why, then, have churches? The answer, my answer at least, is that men and women may have meeting-places where, in a measure, they find out and feel the force of some of the great harmonies, the big eternal facts which shame them out of pettiness and usher their souls into a sense of brotherhood.

The great end, yet the great difficulty of religion is, so to analyze our existence for us, as to distinguish its essential spirit from its casual forms, the real from the apparent, the transient from the eternal.—*Martineau.*

A Meditation and Prayer

BY REV. HARRY ELMER GILCHRIST

SOMETIMES in reading Philosophy inducted from the Natural Sciences I wonder if, after all, prayer is a necessity? The doctrine of necessity seems so strongly interwoven into the processes of nature, that one questions if such is not also the case in that higher state which we call spiritual. Is prayer, after all, but a refined inheritance from the uncivilized ancestry of man, and like many other things so derived destined to pass away? Is there a free God, or are necessity and God interchangeable terms? Is there One who regards us with tender solicitude, and to whom we may turn and with whom we may hold communion? Ah! but there is something within me which says "nay" to these doubtful queries. But what is that something? Is it merely a form of molecular change,—a transient phase in the progress of sentient being? I cannot escape the feeling that it is a valid witness to a free God, as surely as the changing seasons are a witness to stern necessity.

Spiritual facts are no less real and effective than material facts, and these are to be accounted for according to their nature and character as certainly as all other facts. If the uplifted petal witnesses to the sun and dew, so also the uplifted soul witnesses to God and divine love.

Necessity and freedom are both factors in the cosmic process, no matter if philosophers despair of finding their vital point of union. Each bears upon its own purpose. Necessity is nature's way, but nature's way is only a form of God's way. Modern philosophy is more and more recognizing the overshadowing and o'erbrooding spirit of a free God working within and through the evolution of the universe, employing necessity economically in the material world and volition in the ethical world.

But even though necessity covers the whole range of life does not prayer and communion come in along the line of higher activity just as surely as eating and sleeping in the lower physical requirement? Moreover, as obedience to physical laws prophesies future health and prosperity so also, obedience to the spiritual laws realized in our consciousness is prophetic of a corresponding spiritual and ethical benefit.

Prayer is the expression of the soul's witness to its author, and to its highest need. If it be a delusion, I will cling to the delusion until something better is revealed; for I had rather be edified by a delusion than starved by a barren array of cold facts that do not reach up above the ground. It is no delusion! It cannot be in the nature of things, *of all things.* If it is a delusion, then everything is a dream and the whole world a confused unreality.

Let materialism essay as it will to dislodge prayer, it only creates more difficulties in the process than it overcomes. I will hold fast to that which brings me into touch with God and developes the noblest, the highest and finest within me. Judged by its fruits realized in the deeps of personal experience I am satisfied that it responds to a conscious need.

Prayer stands high among the leading universal human characteristics. It is not yet outgrown. Not yet has science disproven its worth It carries its own apologetic with it. I believe in science, but am not yet ready and willing to accept every great hypothesis as an established fact to the extent that it dethrones the conscious facts of personal experience. Sometimes the philosophy of a principle or course of action is interpreted in the very experience involved, and its intelligible understanding cannot be disclosed through the terms of speculation. I do not know as a satisfactory philosophy of prayer can be objectively portrayed. Somehow it is elusive of description

and definition, and still I fancy that the soul of man will never cease praying. Its philosophy reaches out into the infinities. Here we walk by faith and not by sight. So I will walk reaching out and up for grace, for power, for excellence.

Prayer is the fountain from which flow the deepest and purest waters of the soul into the great sea of infinite love; and it is also the returning showers and dew imparting life to the ground of human experience.

I know of no better way to pray than to go to God as a little child, casting aside all speculation about prayer, and talk to Him and with Him with the sweet simplicity of a child at its parent's knee. Prayer is not to be exercised as a theory or by a theory, but simply and naturally as the expression of a deep sense of need, accented with gratitude and thrilling with a holy joy.

Dear Father! Because I feel the need of Thee! Because I have faith in Thy loving-kindness! I come to Thee, drawn by that power which unites Thee to me; for in communion with Thee do I learn the way of life, do I receive grace to walk therein. Out of the innermost chambers of my soul rises my aspiration for Thee. I thank Thee that Thou dost answer when deep calls unto deep. Amen.

Prayer.

(Abstract of a Vesper Talk by Rev. John Haynes Holmes.)

In considering the problem of prayer to God, we are confronted at the outset by two apparently irreconcilable facts. In the first place, we face the fact that this is not an age of prayer, People do not pray as formerly. Even in our church services of worship, prayer does not hold the place that it once occupied. More and more people are beginning to doubt the efficacy of prayer; and for this there are various well-founded reasons. Thus, there are the teachings of modern science, which prove that this universe is controlled in every part by unchangeable law. Nothing is left to chance or caprice. Now, if everything is thus under the domination of natural law, there arises the question, What is the use of praying? How can a spoken petition alter the undeviating course of the world? How can a prayer change a long drought, for instance, into a period of refreshing rain? We pray that God may protect our friends upon the deep; but, here again, how can any prayer change the laws that control wind and wave? Secondly, there is a moral objection to prayer, involved in the idea that prayer to God signifies that we doubt his perfect knowledge, wisdom and love. If we really trust God as all-knowing, all-wise, all-good, why, then, ask him by prayer to do this or that for our benefit? Why not contentedly leave all things in his hands without interference? Is not trust in Providence better expressed by silent resignation than spoken petition? And, lastly, there is a very practical objection to prayer in the fact that human prayers are so conflicting. A million people pray for a million mutually contradictory things. As Lincoln said of North and South in the Civil War: "Both pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other.—The prayers of both cannot be answered."

Opposed to this fact, that prayer is to-day being discredited for such reasons as these, there is the second and equally impressive fact that prayer is a universal phenomenon of human life. In all places, in all ages, in all civilizations, from the savage invoking his wooden idol to Jesus in Gethsemane, we find prayer to God the natural expression of the soul. Its very persistence amid all conditions shows that it is not a superstition, but corresponds to some great reality present in the universe. As well say that the compass-needle pointing to the pole means nothing, as to say that the turning of the heart to God in prayer means nothing.

Now, how reconcile these two facts? Let us take an analogy from human life! We have all about us a circle of friends and kinsmen, whose affection gives gladness to our lives. The human

heart rests instinctively upon these who are near and dear to it. In moments of sorrow, doubt, affliction, we go to father or brother or friend for strength and uplift. We do not ask that they do anything for us, but only that we may commune with them, pour out misgivings and aspirations into their ears, seek consolation in their sympathy. Now, we believe that in this universe there is an Infinite Spirit which is akin to our spirits,—a Spirit which thinks and loves even as do we. And why, may I ask, should we not go to this heavenly Father in moments of distress as we go to our earthly father, turn to this Divine Friend as we turn to our human friend, pour out our hearts to this Immortal Spirit as we daily pour out our hearts to the mortal spirits all about us, and thus gain strength from God even as we do from men? Why not, indeed? And, if we do this, what are we doing but *praying?*

And see how this idea of prayer removes the obstacles noted above! In praying thus, we do not ask God to do anything for us, only to hear us, and hence our prayers do not conflict with natural law. In praying thus, we express no distrust of God's providence. On the contrary, we come to him in this way, only because we trust him so implicitly. In praying thus, there can be no conflict in our prayers; for we all seek but one thing, communion with the great Spirit of Eternal Life.

Dr. Hale has given us as a rule of life that we should talk each day with some one wiser and purer than ourselves. Who can this better be than God?

An Alliance Address.

This paper was read before the Federated Alliances, in Channing Hall, Monday, April 2d, by Caroline L. Dodge, Beverly, Mass.

As regards "religious intelligence" our Alliance has undertaken no particular course of reading or study which would come under that head. Our Study Class has taken up Lowell, our own George Edward Woodberry, Robt. Browning and Matthew Arnold.

All of my readers may not know Beverly, which is now the home of the greatest of young American authors, Prof. G. E. Woodberry, was also the home of Lucy Larcom; that we are within walking distance of Hawthorne's birthplace, and hardly more than a stone's throw from the home of Whittier, and Gail Hamilton of Hamilton.

Though none of these writers were communicants of our church, we have long claimed Whittier, and it may not be as well known that, prior to her death, Gail Hamilton had reached very nearly the same conclusion as our own Dr. Savage and many other liberal teachers hold to-day.

Professor Woodberry, though of an Orthodox family, in one of his strongest essays, referring to the greatest souls that have lived, speaks of St. Augustin, St. Thomas A. Kempis, and pre-eminently Christ, thus demolishing in one cool sentence, and as a foregone conclusion, the idea that Christ was other than a most holy man, in a world of men.

Among such surroundings, we may be pardoned for following the lead of our Poet Pastor, and finding our inspiration for one season in poetry. I may be slightly "at sea" concerning the subject which your committee has designated as "religious intelligence". I should suppose it might be a concerted study of the progress being made everywhere, by our denomination; or it might be a study of the character and works of some great Unitarian.

At the first meeting I attended here in Channing Hall, I heard the wife of one of our prominent divines, say that she believed it to be the duty of every minister, however engaged, to address the Alliances when asked to do so, because she said the members really needed the uplift that such discourse brings. But, while that is good, and we should be grateful, have you ever thought how pitiful a thing it seems that we Unitarian women should be so dependent upon a handful of overworked ministers for our inspiration. They are at it Sunday after Sunday, trying to

lift throngs of men and women to a higher plain, trying to give them a spiritual foothold somewhere on the Godlike table-lands of thought, that shall make of them Christian citizens.

And between ticks, when they should, perhaps, be gathering material for the next Sabbath discourse, they must draw on their reserves by going about and spurring on those weary idea-less Alliance women. It would be laughable, were it less true. Surely it is womankind who should spur the men on. I believe that to the women of America, is given the opportunity to answer the question of the ages, and to Unitarian women, who, if any can, must lead the van, is given the greatest opportunity of all.

Many of our members are readers of the *Christian Register*, and few should escape the contagion of its message. Reading, as I have, with most intense interest, some of its later numbers, I should say that the really fine things by Drs. Eliot, St. John, and Boynton of Minn., may be summed up as grand appeals for Christian character.

We talk of the "Missionary Spirit' but suppose one were to say "I believe this Unitarianism to be a good thing. I have read Emerson and Martineau. Their doctrines are sound. I will purchase their literature and distribute among the people"; and suppose he were to stop there. Do you see the difference, when we feel the grand and soul stirring pulsations from the great minds of our leaders, circulating through our whole beings, so that we are forced to put them in action in our daily lives. Then witness an infection which all the Orthodox sanitation on earth can neither stem nor check.

Women in the past, when mentally and morally but half developed, have been the inspirers of those who held the fate of nations in their hands; and that, through periods of stress and bitter conflict. Now, when the day of armed warfare for our country seems practically over, when peace conferences, at home and abroad, give indication that such barbarism may soon cease from the earth, we stand face to face with the next act in the drama, the social struggle, the struggle of the classes, which is but a kind of civil war.

The coal strike is on. The sufferings of 1902 and '03 may be repeated, and when we ask, how can these things be, in a land of plenty, where over-production is the order of the day, and when we sift the matter to the dregs, the inevitable answer is "the lack of christian character as a working force here and now." Then how quickly we see the weakness of the old belief, that salvation through some sudden redemption, some forgiveness of sins, which shall insure immortality, is the need of man. And how surely we realize that Christian character, which is our denominational war-cry, is the hope of this world a hope that safely allows the next world to care for itself.

I believe we women are much to blame and very responsible for this state of things. The men are as wax in our hands. They are wearied with much law-making, and any high minded woman, upon whose heart is well inscribed "the unwritten laws of life," may inspire American manhood. So, dear friends and Alliance women, let us not be so small and local. Let us not stand with down-cast eyes, waiting for the dearest of ministers to come and lift us up. Let us rise to the occasion, and do our own thinking about these questions of the age, that we are set to answer.

It may be a good thing to give teas and hold fairs and raise money; but the Christian Church, the grand pioneer, Unitarian Christian Church of the world, should stand for more. So, I believe that the question of "religious intelligence" for our Alliance will never be a live one till we wake to the reason for our existence, be less afraid of ourselves, and more confident of our great mission in the world.

And that day must soon come, else, as Gail Hamilton has said, "May God sweep us from the face of the earth, and put in our place a nation with the hearts of men." KATE RESTIEAUX.

Aggressive Atlanta.

BY REV. MOORE SANBORN

Presuming that pastors are accustomed to pre-vacation summings up of results in their parishes, I have tried to take stock of the work of our little church in this city since I accepted its pastorate eight months ago, and send the facts as I find them to THE NEW UNITARIAN, hoping they may challenge and cheer other workers in difficult fields.

The Atlanta Church has long been sustained by a small and faithful band of men and women who have struggled along year after year, "not disobedient to the heavenly vision," deserving monumental success, but gaining little, save in sense of isolation. Since my coming our congregations have been about three times as large as those averaged for the same length of time in any period of the previous twenty-three years of the church's history. Some thirty persons, nearly all adults, and the majority of them men, have united with us receiving the right hand of fellowship.

The services held in the Grand Opera House last spring did great good in spreading a knowledge of our teachings and attracting attention to our missionary vigor. Though we had two stormy evenings out of four, the Opera House audiences averaged 1400, men being in the majority when it rained. Several united with the church as the direct result of these meetings, and many personal interviews, and a large amount of correspondence from the state, proved that the seed sown was taking root. Only the heavy expense of conducting these services, nearly $100 nightly, prevented their continuance regularly. If we could make both ends meet financially, it is believed that we could preach our gospel to more than a thousand souls each Sunday night in Atlanta.

Many young men from the Georgia school of Technology and the dental and medical colleges of the city became interested during the Opera House services, and it is nothing unusual to see a third of our Sunday morning congregations in the little church made up of students.

Outside the pulpit I have had many proofs that the old time antagonism toward a Unitarian, because he is a Unitarian is passing away. During a single week last month I read a paper on "Socrates, a Cosmic Man" before the Symposium Club composed of many of the leading men of the city; made an address on "The Women of Shakespeare" before the Shakespeare Club, and spoke on "The Comparative Merits of Shakespeare and Browning" to the 125 members of the English Literature classes at the school of Technology.

The recent invasion of Atlanta, by the noted revivalist, Dr. Torrey, with his carefully trained company of helpers, forced us into the lime-light, somewhat against our will, but to good purpose. He began his campaign of a month by berating Unitarians and denouncing "higher critics as the devil's decoys and bound for hell." On being interviewed by the local papers I stated our position clearly and in a fraternal spirit. Later I published a letter criticizing Dr. Torrey's views and preaching, to which he responded, "personal slander;" the resident Methodist bishop retorted through the newspapers in a column long letter, and one of the evening papers in an editorial reprimanded me for opposing a work of God.

Dr. Torrey's attacks continued to the end of his stay, but, as I stated to him in a personal letter they did us good, for "in a day when many declare that the Unitarian Church has finished its work, it gives us a new sense of the unfinished missionary task left us to undertake and perform, when the unvarnished affirmations of so-called orthodoxy are preached as you have proclaimed them here."

Though it was said his meetings caused the conversion of over 1100 persons, a large financial deficit was announced at their close, and the Baptist ministers of the city at their weekly

meeting June 18th declared that his visit had not helped the churches of Atlanta and appointed a committee of leading pastors to head off his rumored return for another fight with the devil here. It is safe to say that his visit to Atlanta helped the Unitarian and Universalist churches by creating sentiment in their favor and advertising them, more than he aided any two of the churches supporting his work, and that the "Holy Spirit" whose constant guidance he claims, will not direct him to revisit Atlanta.

June 20, 1906.

Nantucket Summer Meetings.

The skies were not invariably kind, but in all other respects the meetings at Nantucket this season were notably good. The attendance was better than ever before for one thing. A larger company than usual came from the main-land; (the Nantucketers use a more spacious term and say "from the continent"; some even inadvertently speak of "strangers" but treat us always as though we were never that.) Then Nantucket is full of people this season, and our meetings seemed to be attractive to many who own not to the Unitarian name—which was as it should be.

The meetings began on the first day of the month, Sunday morning, with a pre-eminently lofty tone. Rev. Albert Lazenby of Lynn, preached on the topic, "Man God's Fellow-Workman," and was signally inspiring and enkindling. In the evening Rev. Geo. H. Badger preached on the topic "The Worth of the Church in Modern Times."

Monday morning's address was by Rev. John P. Forbes of Brooklyn, N. Y., on "Spiritual Ideals for a Commercial Age." It had a ringing, resolute tone, with utter frankness and fearlessness of searching analysis for present-time issues and the church's relation thereto. In the evening Rev. Chas. E. St. John gave his illustrated lecture on "The Planting of Free Churches," which a large congregation received with high appreciation.

Tuesday morning was devoted to a "Women's Alliance Session." Everybody regretted the circumstances which necessitated the absence of Miss Emma C. Low, President of the National Alliance, but her place was taken with so much grace and dignity by Miss Sarah B. Williams of Taunton, that the meeting proved the best sort of success, its theme of discussion being: "What can the Alliance do to increase the spirit of loyalty amongst the young people." Tuesday evening Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of Baltimore, Md., expounded "Robert Browning" in a way that made the great poet interesting and his message simple to every hearer, by the clear analysis and graphic portrayal which Mr. Hussey presented.

Wednesday was "Fourth of July." Firecrackers, cannons and bells began it promptly on time, (one minute after Tuesday's midnight.) The skies sobbed and sundry fishing expeditions and 'Sconset parties had to be deferred; but none of our meetings failed. Rev. Geo. Willis Cooke discussed "The Ethical Tendencies of New Social Ideals" in the morning; in the evening there was a patriotic service to which a substantial part of all Nantucket came, "Star Spangle Banner" was superbly sung, and two addresses given: one by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn of Concord, full of characteristic reminiscence and comment, and the other by Rev. Elizabeth Padgham of Rutherford, N. J., who had very sane ideas about the practical side of patriotism and presented them with much charm and vigor.

Thursday morning's program presented a valuable review of "English and American Unitarianism" by Rev. Albert Lazenby—one of the most notable and stirring events of the week. This was followed by a characteristic paper by Rev. John Snyder of Wellesley Hills, on "A Denomination Rummage Sale." In the evening Rev. G. W. Kent of Providence, who is no stranger to Nantucket, found the largest audience of

the week waiting to hear his fascinating lecture on "Concord and Its Famous Men." Those expecting most were not disappointed.

Friday was the last day. It began with a lecture in the morning by Rev. Lewis G. Wilson of Boston, Mass., on "The Future of Liberal Christianity," a word of pure and noble prophecy full of sanity and sweetness of optimism. The end of things was a lecture Friday evening on "Some Significant Aspects of Contemporary Fiction."

We have failed to note in our hasty review two features: Every day's session began with a short but impressive service of devotion. These were led in order by Rev. Edward Day, Rev. Albert Lazenby, Rev. Mr. Adams of Barnstable, and Rev. G. W. Kent; at the last devotional service Mr. Day gave a short account of the development of the Nantucket Summer Meetings and of the ideals that animated them.

On Tuesday afternoon a delightful reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Willard of Washington, D. C., on Orange St., where a beautiful view of the harbor opens out from the hill-side. The view failed somewhat because of inopportune rain and fog, but the hospitality was unbounded, and the cordial intercourse of visitors and the Nantucket friends most enjoyable.

Too much cannot be said in appreciation of the tact and tireless skill of Rev. Edward Day, pastor of the Nantucket church, to whose directing energy was due the success of these meetings. Every detail was worked out with frictionless exactitude, while his genial oversight made every visiting guest quickly feel at home and enter into full enjoyment of the week's opportunities.

The Ministers' Institute.

Preliminary Announcement.

The meetings in 1906 will be held at Petersham, Mass., Monday till Friday, Oct. 1-5. Petersham is reached by taking a train to Athol or to Barre. Carriages for members of the Institute will meet the trains on Monday, Oct. 1, and convey them to Petersham.

PROGRAM.

MONDAY, OCT. 1.

7:30 P. M. Opening of the Institute.
Address of welcome by a member of the First Parish of Petersham.
Response to the welcome by a member of the Institute.
"The Aims of the Institute," a general discussion.

TUESDAY, OCT. 2.

9:00 A. M. A devotional service.
10:00 A. M. Address by Prof. Toy.
Discussion.
11.30 A. M. Address by Rev. Wm. H. Lyon, D. D.
Discussion.
4:00 P. M. Book Reviews.
7:30 P M. Addresses by Prof. Perry and Rev. Joel H. Metcalf.
Discussion.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3.

9:00 A. M. A devotional service.
10:00 A. M. Address by Rev. A. L. Hudson.
Discussion.
11:30 A. M. Address by Rev. George D. Latimer.
Discussion.
4:00 P. M. Book Reviews.
7:30 P. M. Addresses by Rev. W. R. Lord and Rev. J. C. Perkins. D. D.
Discussion.

THURSDAY, OCT. 4.

9:00 A. M. A devotional service.
10:00 A. M. Address by Rev. John Cuckson.
Discussion.
11:30 A. M. Address by Rev. Merle St. C. Wright.
Discussion.
4:00 P. M. Book Reviews.
7:30 P. M. Address by Rev. Charles G. Ames.

On Friday morning carriages will take members to the trains.

Members are invited to volunteer to join in the book reviews. Books will

not be assigned to speakers. The discussion will be purely voluntary. The following books are suggested:

Hoffding, "Philosophy of Religion."
Hoffding, "Problems of Philosophy."
Ladd, "Philosophy of Religion."
Schmidt, "Prophet of Nazareth."
Wernle, "Beginnings of Christianity."
Weinel, "Paul."
Foster, "Finality of the Christian Religion."
Morgan, "Interpretation of Nature"
Wood, "The Spirit of God in Biblical Literature."
Pfleiderer, "Christian Origins."

Chautauqua.

Unitarian House at Chautauqua, N. Y., opened on July 1st and will close August 31. Two services are held each week; Wednesday evenings at 7 and Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock. The house is open at all times for hospitality toward visitors, conference, consultation and mutual acquaintance. The free circulating library is for the use of all.

On August 1st, Wednesday, an informal summer session of the Meadville District Conference, will be held. We are expecting as special guests and helpers John Graham Brooks of Cambridge, and President Southworth of Meadville. In the evening of this same day we hold our public reception to which every one is cordially welcome.

Because of the kindness and generosity of the friends of Chautauqua our house has, at considerable expense, been repaired and painted and the assembly room has been enlarged. It is situated at the very center of the grounds opposite the Hall of Philosophy. We hope to make it a centre of even more activity and helpfulness than it has formerly been.

Special excursions on all railroads on July 6th and 27th. Send to Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua, N. Y., for programs of lectures and school work, also for hand book.

I will answer all inquiries.

Wm. Channing Brown.
P. O. Box 174, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Isles of Shoals Summer Meetings.

On the 15th of July ended a very successful season of Isles of Shoals meetings, the tenth year showing no falling off in the interest of these occasions. Our limited space can permit of little more than a recital of names and a summary of program, but of course the chief enjoyment of these meetings is found in things not thus to be summarized. "Social Aspects of Religion" was the general subject assigned to the week, and at least five of the addresses bore directly on this theme, presenting different aspects of experiments in the identifying of religion with some form of human brotherhood. Rev. A. L. Hudson of Newton, spoke of the more attractive side of the Mormon church on Monday morning; Tuesday, Rev. F. E. Pratt of Hopedale, Mass., presented a graphic story of the Hopedale Community; Wednesday evening Dr. Jeffrey R. Brackett director of the school for Social Workers maintained by Harvard University and Simmons College, spoke of the Modern Movement in Social Work; Friday morning, Rev. A. L. Weatherly of Worcester, Mass., interpreted the life and work of William Morris; and of course the address of Hon. Carroll D. Wright on "the Public Conscience" given Tuesday evening was vitally related to the more specific themes. An address intended to have been in line with the rest, by Staunton King of Charlestown, Mass., on "Work Among the Sailors," failed because of the absence of the speaker, and an inspiring address on "Man's Abuse of Nature," by Rev. J. H. Holmes of Dorchester, Mass., took its place. Thursday morning was devoted to the interests of the Y. P. R. U., with addresses by its President, Rev. E. S. Wiers of Montclair, N. J., and Rev. Abram Wyman of North Easton, Mass. Saturday morning's address was given by Rev. Clay MacCauley of Boston, on "Certain Traits of Japanese Character."

Most of the evenings were devoted to more general interests. Wednesday evening Rev. Peter Goldsmith of Salem, told of "a Month Among the Huicole Indians of Mexico;" Friday evening is always a festival of music, when the delightful quartette of singers so ably directed by Mrs. Nelson Freeman, (who minister to our services each year with such congenial grace) rendered a concert of well selected numbers.

Saturday evening was to have brought a lecture by Rev. Chas. E. St. John on "The Planting of Free Churches," but Mr. St. John was unable to be present, and sent a welcome friend in his stead, Rev. Chas. W. Wendte, who spoke of the International Aspects of Liberal Religion.

Tuesday morning was an anniversary occasion, in celebration of the fact that this was the tenth series of Isles of Shoals meetings. Mr. Thomas H. Elliott told all too modestly the story of their inception and development, for the full story would have included a fuller chapter of what Mr. Elliott's own zeal and devotion, as well as practical enterprise and persistence have contributed to the Summer Meetings movement. Rev. Geo. H. Badger had also something to say of the spiritual significance of these meetings. Singularly enough, however, neither the full reports of the week's session so attractively set forth in the Boston *Transcript*, nor the briefer accounts in the *Christian Register* made the least reference to what was perhaps the most satisfying and winsome feature of the whole week, because it so adequately and with such subtle charm expressed and interpreted the real "Shoals spirit," to the understanding of us all. Of course here was another case of obscuring modesty, for the speaker was Mrs. Marean herself, —the "E. E. M." whose letters for ten years have given to the public the quintescence of these meetings.

The more distinctly religious services of the week were surely in good hands. The first Sunday morning sermon was preached by Rev. A. L. Hudson; the sermon of the evening by Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis. Morning worship was conducted each morning in the Stone chapel by the following ministers in turn: Rev. W. W. Peck, Rev. W. R. Cole, Rev. F. H. Kent, Rev. John Baltzly, Rev. R. C. Douthit and Rev. A. D. K. Shurtleff; the sermon of the last Sunday morning was preached by Rev. Chas. W. Wendte, and of the evening following by Rev. F. J. Gauld. The week began with a fine and impressive communion service in the Stone Chapel conducted by Rev. H. C. MacDougall of Franklin, N. H.

A New Apostles' Creed.

Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany, minister of the Church of Our Father, in Toledo, O., has published a little leaflet containing a modern rephrasing of the Apostles' Creed. A foot note explains his point of view, which we publish together with the two creeds:

The student of church history will know that the articles of belief known as the Apostles' Creed were absolutely unknown in their present form, not only to the apostles, but also to the Christian church in general, until the end of the fourth century.

"There was at the first no prescribed formula of faith binding upon all believers. Each of the leading churches framed its creed (in a sort of independent congregational way) according to its wants."—Dr. Philip Schaff, "History of the Christian Church," Vol. II., P. 529.

Why then should it not be the privilege of the free churches of to-day to frame their creeds according to their wants and in harmony with the right spirit of the present age? The old Apostles' Creed contains declarations of belief which the enlightened conscience of our day can not honestly accept. I believe the (below) revised form of this creed is much nearer to the spirit of Christianity as Jesus preached it and in perfect harmony with the rational spirituality of the times in which we live.—A. M. R.

THE OLD APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into

hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE NEW APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ His Son our Brother; who was born of Joseph and Mary, suffered under PontiusPilate, was crucified, dead and buried; whose soul ascended to heaven and dwells with God the Father Almighty, and who for man's salvation taught religion as love to God and love to man. I believe in the Holy Spirit as the direct influence of God upon every aspiring heart. I believe in one Universal Church in all lands, whose priests are all God's faithful sons, whose members are the good-doers of all nations, whose gospel is the Truth and whose communion cup is Love. I believe there is no death, and therefore no resurrection, but life everlasting. Amen.

A Letter.

EDITOR NEW UNITARIAN:

While we are meditating easily over the church vacation problem here is the portion of a letter from a Unitarian who lives remote from any one of our churches. She is a member of Unitarian Church of All Souls: "I trust your summer will prove a change of toil for you and Mrs. Brown, for I can never think of a Unitarian minister and his wife taking a rest from toil, very urgent as the condition may be."

I wish that more of our parishioners would make such demands upon us. What a joy it would be to serve them! A vacation in itself.

Faithfully,

WM. CHANNING BROWN.

Unitarian Headquarters, Chautauqua, N. Y., July 17, 1906.

"Amongst Ministers."

NOTE—We wish to have this register as complete as possible and cordially welcome information from any source which can help us make it so.

CALLS.

Rev. Charles E. Park of Hingham, Mass., to the First Church in Boston, Mass.

Rev. F. H. Billington of Dixfield, Me., to the church in Carlisle, Mass.

ORDINATIONS.

Messrs. J. A. C. Auer, Chester A. Drummond, Howard A. MacDonald, Samuel R. Maxwell and Otto E. Schneider, all members of the graduating class of the Meadville School, at King's Chapel, Boston, June 28.

RESIGNATIONS.

Rev. Thos. S. Robjent of Albany, N. Y., to become pastor of a Universalist church in Springfield, Mass.

DEATHS.

Rev. George Murillo Bartol, D. D., for nearly sixty years minister of the First Church of Lancaster, Mass., died June 20.

Rev. E. J. Young D. D., at one time pastor of Channing Church, Newton, Mass., afterward Professor of Hebrew and Biblical literature at Harvard Divinity School; later pastor of the church at Waltham, Mass., which he served for twelve years, resigning 1892; died at Waltham June 24.

ADMITTED TO FELLOWSHIP.

Rev. J. M. A. Spence from the Congregational (Trinitarian) fellowship June 15 by the Western Committee.

Rev. Albert J. Kennedy from the Baptist Church, June 19, by the New England Committee.

Ought Ministers to Smoke?

It is quite noticeable that more clergymen in nearly all denominations use tobacco freely and undisguisedly to-day than was the case ten or fiften years ago. Is it the disappearance of the Puritan tradition amongst us—the sense

that the ministerial calling demands a certain element of asceticism in the cause of religion, from its appointed leaders? Is it indeed a revolt from an older idea that ministers must stand as a class by themselves, marked off from the rest of mankind by certain differences of custom, habit and bearing? Or is it merely that the modern minister is less staunch in his ideals of personal consecration—more self indulgent, more worldly?

The issue has inevitably two points of view. Is the habitual use of tobacco a real evil, anyway, involving any essential viciousness or harmful indulgence? If so, the minister who preaches righteousness must not allow himself to count, ever so slightly by precept or example on the wrong side.

If the habit is not of itself harmful or wrong, does the minister yet weaken his own stand amongst his people by seeming to indulge in a habit at any rate considered worldly?

On the other hand, if the modern minister feels that the power of the present day minister lies not in a tradition of "separateness" of priest from people, or emphasized distinction between sacred and secular, but rather in the emphasis of a manly man's ideals of wholesome manhood along the lines of average men's attainment, may not the minister bring his influence to bear most intimately and directly upon the very men who need the church most, and whom the church needs most, by sharing with them customs and habits (so long as they involve no unworthiness) which shall make his intercourse with them seem always natural, easy and unrestrained—free from seeming "professionalism" of habit and fastidiousness.

We have put the case to several of our ministers, feeling that some frank discussion of the matter might be wholesome. Vacation time is not good season to exact from the brethren voluntary service of this sort; and our replies have been fewer than usual; yet those that have come are certainly pertinent, interesting and worth while.

We put our question in this form:

"Ought ministers to smoke? Do we actually get closer to laymen by sharing with them this social custom; or do we help in the persistence of a harmful form of self-indulgence by our participation in it?"

Here are the answers:

Rev. James H. Ecob, D. D., minister of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia:

I regard the use of tobacco in any form as a vulgar, detestable habit; a species of self-indulgence of no higher grade than the thumb-sucking habit in children. It is one bar let down toward the grosser indulgences of intemperance and licentiousness.

W. Hanson Pulsford, minister of the First Unitarian Society of Chicago:

You ask "Ought ministers to smoke?" Now is not that going a little too far? To me the proposal to make smoking compulsory savors of intolerance. Some good men are prevented from following the Scriptural command to offer up a burnt offering of a sweet savor, by weakness of stomach or the actual inability to pass the self-sacrificing ordeal of initiation; for which they ought not to be held responsible. And we should not forget that there have been able ministers, even among those of advanced views, who did not smoke—at any rate here.

For such a man to be required to smoke in order to "get closer to laymen" may afford great amusement to the laymen, but what about the tortured

minister? Surely such amusement is unchristian!

But why speak of "ministers"? You can hardly in THE NEW UNITARIAN have reference to the ecclesiastical variety who form the third sex. And for the rest of us, are we not still men (and women) who ought not to be compelled to smoke unless we like it?

Besides, some of us who *do* like it have a sneaking conviction that the substitution of Mellen's Food for sherry is not essential to the millennium.

Rev. G. W. Kent, Providence, R. I.:

I tell my wife and other interested parties that when I get to be sixty I shall begin to smoke again. I dropped it at sixteen. If I can ever learn to be moderate I shall take up both smoking and drinking. But I overdo everything and am afraid of the men in our ministry who smoke. I think that only about half overdo it, but getting a hold of the laymen depends more upon the man than the precise bad habit that he cultivates.

Rev. Oscar B. Hawes, Germantown, Pa.:

While smoking in moderation may not necessarily in itself be a moral or physical evil, it is nevertheless obvious that it is only too frequently the cause of much harm, especially when taken up by boys and when cigarettes are used. The habit is often uncleanly and its after effects, in the home and on the person, unpleasant to others as well as injurious to the individual. For the sake of example therefore, and in general for their own health, and in loyalty to a wholesome ideal of life, I think it better for ministers not to cultivate the habit.

I do not believe that the willingness to smoke enables a minister to get the least bit closer to laymen. It is a poor sort of clergyman who is dependent upon such an aid for his success with men. If the minister objects to smoking as unpleasant or a harmful self-indulge then his own indulgence would be an immorality and the true layman would simply lose respect for him.

Rev. Alfred Free of Florence, Mass.:

"Ought ministers to smoke? Do we get closer to laymen by sharing with them this social custom, or do we help in the persistence of a harmful form of self-indulgence by our participation in it?"

Once establish, by conclusive proofs, that smoking is "a harmful form of self-indulgence," and there can be but one answer to your first question—ministers ought not to promote anything that is harmful. But has the harmfulness been proven? It may be doubted if all the smoking in the land has been as destructive of life and health within the last year, as has been many other forms of "self-indulgence"—automobiling, for instance. And the polution of the air we breathe, so often alluded to in the condemnation of the smoker, is hardly equal to that of the gasoline car. Even one skunk queried of another after the passing of a touring car: "What's the use!"

But I am not disposed to defend or condemn the minister who smokes. You beg the question. Nothing can be said in support of a social custom that is a "form of self-indulgence that is essentially harmful." Establish the "harmfulness," and all good men must enter the lists as champions of a moral reform. But some good men will have little stomach to emulate Don Quixote, and ride a tilt at windmills.

Finally we put our question to one of our women ministers, Rev. Elizabeth Padgham of Rutherford, N. J., whose view-point is at once disinterested and yet professional:

In discussing any "right" for ministers I must always emphasize my conviction that what any good man or woman, as such, can do, is still his or her right and privilege even though a minister. "Ought ministers to smoke," like other questions of habit must be

reduced to individual decision, each for himself.

There are points for and against:

All, I believe, agree that smoking is harmful for the growing boy. Yet the man who smokes can have no influence of weight in persuading him either to give up the habit or not to begin. Here I believe the responsibility of the minister is greater than that of the layman just as, by his position, he becomes a more conspicuous example, and has a greater opportunity to come near to a larger number of boys and young men. Then putting aside the constantly repeated phrase "the social cigar" and judging from things that are seen (for actions speak louder than words) the smoking habit when indulged in reveals a disregard of others, and a forgetfulness of certain little niceties; which detract from the pleasure of social intercourse and are complained of quite as much by non-smoking men as by women.

In favor of the habit it is said that it is a harmless pleasure, and also that by smoking with other men the minister gets nearer to them and avoids the risk of being thought effeminate and unmanly. A pleasure it must be,—but the adjective harmless must be used with doubt and hesitation. Also I should hesitate to call that one manly or strong who to prove to others that he has these qualities must rely upon his habit of smoking with them. Do not other characteristics make *a man?*

"Ought ministers to smoke?" resolves itself into the question "Ought one to smoke?" In the case of the woman custom and taste tend to make us instantly feel that it is not debatable; which so established is the habit with men that we grant that each must decide for himself. As an individual right it can be denied to no one.

Notes From the Field

Unity Church, Montclair, N. J., Rev. Edgar S. Wiers, Minister

This church is to be kept open through the entire summer, a special fund having been raised to sustain preaching during the minister's vacation. The following appointments have been made: July 8, Rev. Merle St. C. Wright of New York; July 15, Rev. Jas. H. Ecob D. D. of Philadelphia; July 22, Rev. James Eells of Hackley School; July 29, Prof. Jas. H. Hyslop, Ph. D. LL. D.

Church of Our Father, Rutherford, N. J., Rev. Elizabeth Padgham, Minister

This is one of the few churches in the vicinity of New York which do not close during July. Rev. Elizabeth Padgham attended the Summer Meetings at Nantucket and the Isles of Shoals, taking part in the program of both, and on the Sunday intervening Rev. Bernard J. Newman of Brooklyn, preached in her stead

On June 13 the Woman's Branch Alliance had a luncheon at the church. There were about 100 present and the affair was a great success both financially and socially. The tables were prettily arranged with flowers, the luncheon excellent and a feeling of good cheer seemed to prevail throughout.

On Sunday, June 10th, Children's Sunday was properly observed by the Sunday School. The service commenced at 11 o'clock and was a reunion of the church and Sunday School. A service of songs and recitations and an address by the minister was enjoyed and appreciated by both old and young.

Unity Church, Hamilton, Ontario, Can.

Rev. W. Delos Smith, late of Parkside Church, Buffalo, was installed pastor of this church, before a large gathering of the congregation and friends July 11th. Rabbi Weiss read the Scripture Lesson. Rev. G. L. Sprague, Dunkirk, N. Y., preached a very thoughtful and appropriate sermon. Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Toronto, made the installation prayer and gave the address to the minister. Mrs. Sunderland gave a very clever and practical address to the congregation, putting their duty plainly and clearly before them. Peter Bertram, chairman of the Trustees, welcomed Mr. Smith for the congregation, promising him all their help and good will. Adelbert Moot, Buffalo, president of the Unitarian Conference for Middle States and Canada, was to have brought greetings from the Conference,

but telegraphed he could not leave Buffalo on account of important business. Miss Marie MaCartie, the church soloist, sang two solos, Charles W. Williams also sang. Andrew C. MacMillan, the organist, gave short recitals before and after the service.

A reception was held at the close when Mr. Smith was cordially welcomed to Hamilton by all who were present. A delegation of ten came up from the Toronto Unitarian Church to join in greetings and good wishes. Mrs. White who is on the staff of Toronto University, brought greetings from the ladies of First Church, Toronto. Rev. J. T. and Mrs. Sunderland have been very warm and valuable friends of Unity Church, both of them being willing to come up and preac' o short notice. Mr. Sunderland is well known as a clever preacher and writer to Unitarians all over America, but it is not well known that Mrs. Sunderland, who is a Ph. D., is also an excellent preacher and a clever writer. On one occasion during the vacancy, when Mr. Sunderland could not leave his church and Mrs. Sunderland was ill, their daughter, Miss Sunderland, came up and conducted the service and read one of her father's sermons, so the church need not be closed. The people of Unity feel that the coming departure of the Sunderland family from Toronto is a matter for regret and sorrow.

Rev. Mr. Smith is entering into his work here with energy and good judgment and great results may be looked for in the future.

First Unitarian Church, Toronto, Canada, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Minister

By the death on June 19th of Mr. W. B. Hamilton, the city of Toronto has lost a prominent and honored citizen, and the Unitarian church a valuable and greatly esteemed member, who for more than twenty years had been treasurer of the church, and for nearly forty years a trustee, and who had always been ready to give generously of his time, his strength and his money to maintain the cause of liberal Christianity in which he earnestly believed. He was in the eighty-third year of his age.

Unitarian services will be maintained here all summer. Mr. Sunderland will preach in the church during July. During August the church will be closed for recarpeting and repairs but there will be social religious meetings every Sunday evening in homes in different parts of the city, with music, scripture and other readings, and a short address at each meeting by the pastor.

Church of the Unity, Winchendon, Mass., Rev. Geo. W. Solley, Minister

The fortieth anniversary of the founding of this church was celebrated July 15 and 16 with an historical address by the pastor Sunday morning, a reunion of the Sunday School with the first superintendent, Mr. A. A. Ballou of Newton, as special guest. In the evening an informal reception was held at the beautiful parsonage, and on Monday, the 16th, a more public service was held with Hon. John D. Long as chief speaker. Liberal religious services began in Winchendon as early as 1840 under the auspices of the Universalists. The first Unitarian services were held in 1848 by Rev. Israel Putnam who continued there till he died. In 1865 the present society was organized, the handsome stone church erected which still stands as one of the most beautful temples in Western Massachusetts, and the Rev. Chas. H. Wheeler called to the pastorate. Mr. Wheeler' ministry continued until his death in 1888 when Rev. A. J. Culp was called and remained until 1904. The present minister, Mr. Solley, was settled about a year ago.

The Eliot Church, South Natick, Mass., Rev. J. F. Meyer, Minister

Services held in this church during July have had congregations augmented by visitors from neighboring churches in Natick, Sherborn and Wellesley Hills. During August the church will unite with the Congregational church in union services.

First Unitarian Church, Conneaut, Ohio

Early last October Rev. Leon A. Harvey, Secretary of the Meadville Unitarian Conference, visited this city and arranged for the holding of a Unitarian service. Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes of Erie, Pa., conducted the first service, and explained the purpose of the meeting and movement to an audience of some forty people. These services thus begun by Mr. Byrnes, were continued by him throughout October until a demand for evening services in his own church in Erie, required him to devote his whole time to Erie. Conneaut was then taken up by Rev. George L. Sprague of Dunkirk, N. Y., who conducted the services here during the winter months. Other of our ministers who have preached occasionally here were Revs. M. O. Simons of Cleveland, H. H. Barber of Meadville, L. A. Harvey of Meadville

Conference, and Dr. James Vincent, of the Universalist Church of Girard, Pa., and Miss Shipman, also of Girard, Pa. Early in March Secretary Harvey visited the city and organized the First Unitarian Church of Conneaut, with eighteen charter members.

During May and June Mr. Byrnes of Erie, resumed charge of the services until the first Sunday in July, when it was thought best to take a vacation until September. There were 31 people at the last service all of whom expressed their appreciation of the services held during the year, and their desire that they be continued in September. A company of 40 or 45 people have attended these services with a good degree of regularity during the year, and at this time the outlook is very hopeful for a permanent Unitarian Church in this city.

A Week of Psalms of the Larger Faith

From Poems of the Out-Door World.

SUNDAY.

Protecting Shadows.

I sit beneath the elm's protecting shadow,
Whose graceful form
Shelters from sunshine warm;
While far around me, in the heated meadow,
The busy insects swarm.
Better than any roof, these softly swaying leaves,
Opening and closing to the passing air,
Which from afar the fragrant breath receives
Of forest odors rare.
And, as the branches sway,
Revealing depths on depths of heavenly blue,
The tempered rays of sunshine, glancing through
In flickering spots of light, around me play;
While little birds dart through the mazy web,
With happy chirp and song,
Fearing no wrong,
To their half-hidden nests above my head.
Thus, without motion, without speech or sound,
I rest, a part of all this life around.

Beneath the shadow of the Great Protection
The soul sits, hushed and calm.
Bathed in the peace of that divine affection,
No fever-heats of life or dull dejection
Can work the spirit harm.
Diviner heavens above
Look down on it in love.
And as the varying winds move where they will,
In whispers soft, through trackless fields of air,
So comes the Spirit's breath, serene and still,
Its tender messages of love to bear
From men of every race and speech and zone,
Making the whole world one,
Till every sword shall to a sickle bend,
And the long, weary strifes of earth shall end.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

MONDAY.

The Earth and Man.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her fame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began,
Have left it younger than a boy.

—*Stoppord A. Brooke.*

TUESDAY.

From "Each and All."

Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

* * * *

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;

Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—*Ralph W. Emerson.*

WEDNESDAY.

From "Endymion".

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grander of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

—*John Keats.*

THURSDAY.

From "All's Well."

I have a stake in every star,
In every beam that fills the day:
All hearts of men my coffers are,
My ores arterial tides convey:
The fields, the skies,
The sweet replies
Of thought to thought are my gold-dust,—
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking looks
Of lovers' faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides joy-brimming flow
For him who lives above all years,
Who all-immortal makes the Now,
And is not ta'en in Time's arrears;
His life's a hymn
The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
And to his soul
The boundless whole
Its bounty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the sky-soul saith;
"The wealth I am, must thou become;
Richer and richer, breath by breath,—
Immortal gain, immortal room!"
And since all his
Mine also is,
Life's gift outruns my fancies far,
And drowns the dream
In larger stream,
As morning drinks the morning-star.

—*David A. Wasson.*

FRIDAY.

The Service of Song.

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;
I keep it staying at home,
With a bobolink for a chorister
And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice:
I just wear my wings;
And instead of tolling the bell for church
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches, a noted clergyman,
And the sermon is never long;
So, instead of getting to heaven at last,
I'm going all along.

—*Emily Dickenson.*

SATURDAY.

From Lines, Composed near Tintern Abbey.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

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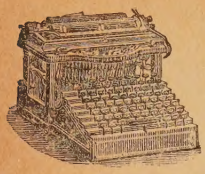

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